THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—" *A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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COMMON SENSE.—No. III.

" In mid career the rider oft restrains
The fiery courser's speed with gentle reins;
But seldom reason's curb will hold confin'd
The unruly passions of an am'rous mind."

Mr. Easy,

THE object of this number, is to examine some of the chief sources of calamity in matrimony; and to offer with due deference, a few cursory observations thereon.

More enamoured with the luxuries of fashion, and the bewitching arts of vice, than the lovely pursuits of mental improvement, the minds of a certain class of society seem to be converted into mere receptacles of sterility, without making the smallest effort to strew a single flower in the temple of genius, or the smallest degree of incense on the altar of the arts and sciences; so as the more effectually to insure uninterrupted tranquility in the paths of domestic life. No events, in my humble opinion, contribute in a greater degree to tarnish social happiness, than pride and ignorance; for ridiculously infatuated with this, that, or the other silly bauble, they drudge on through life; and in the words of the poor disconsolate Sappho, pass instantly from obscurity to the void of a tomb. They resemble those phantoms, which are supposed to wander in the night, and vanish at the approach of morning. I recollect to have read in the annals of Athens, of a rural mode of educating youth which seems to have been attended with great success and advantage: to which is owing, most likely, the many virtues, for which the Athenians are so justly renowned. Now, it is reasonable to suppose, that every thing appertaining to luxury should be excluded from schools, in order that the youthful mind should not be amused from study thereby: thus like the Athenians, men would not only be formed with little cost, but the various studies would more effectually flourish, and the mind acquire a habit of prudence and frugal industry, ere it could possibly imbibe the arts of corruption. Whereas, in schools founded on principles of luxury, the mind becomes the abject slave of fashionable excess, ere it acquires even the rudiments of a good education. Hence, I incline to believe, that many of the ancient systems were just, and the modern erroneous.—If parents would only consult the natural desires of their offspring, they would find, that actions of simplicity in the open air, amongst the simple productions of nature, are far more gratifying to their inclinations, than " robes of purple or beds of down."

With respect to matrimony: it is a subject of solemn contemplation; many, however, embrace it without even a serious thought. To what ought this negligence to be attributed, but the degeneracy of human nature; the love of money, and often ambition. Indeed the second seems to be the most predominant cause, inasmuch as there are few alliances contracted, but are impelled more or less by this vicious motive. I say vicious, because it often has a tendency to exclude a due enquiry into mental virtues and personal qualifications on either side; and therefore merit is trampled over, and mercenary lucre preferred to honourable love, natural good sense, modesty, and a frugal education. Hence proceed the want of constancy, and miriads of other casualties, which so often contravene connubial felicity. An union of sexes, like unto religion, is radically implanted into the constitution of humanity. Indeed I may venture to assert, that there is scarcely an instance occurs in the course of life, wherein a man or woman enjoys length of days, without being inclined, at some period or other, to enter into that state;

CLARA.

under an impression, doubtless, that it comprizes the richest gems of happiness. Verily it is

> " That cordial drop, heaven in our cup has thrown,
> To make the nauseous draught of life go down."

It constitutes " a little heaven on earth," if not injuriously treated by base libertines and courtezans, whose perverted minds ridicule and despise all lawful love and honourable continence. Where sympathy and harmony unite in congenial souls, there may be found supereminent happiness ; and should even poverty be an attendant, it is preferable, in my opinion, to affluence with discord.

It must be admitted by every impartial and candid observer, that a poor man's prosperity through life, greatly depends on the industry and frugality of his wife ; and therefore, he must ask leave of her " to be rich ;" for, if she be a woman naturally inclined to indulge in the extravagancies of fashion and folly, poverty will, most assuredly, attend them to that " bourn from whence no traveller returns."

On a judicious union of the sexes depends also, the vigour, the wit, the beauty, and the preferment of their offspring ; for when connubial happiness is nerveless, it most assuredly has a tendency to enervate a due formation of their morals, and a just disposal of their mental faculties, so as to prevent respectability in life. It counteracts the benefits of a good education, destitute of which, the mind is in a greater degree subject to perversion and vicious habits.

The female mind, I am of opinion, is naturally more inclined to ostentation and excess than the male, and consequently, the source of more serious calamities. Euripides, we are informed, was an absolute woman hater ; and hence, most likely, his imputation, that " the female sex alone was the cause of emulation and discord in domestic life." Notwithstanding, I am fully persuaded, that females are excessively fond of luxury in dress and other tawardy equipage, often the source of much calamity and dissention in matrimony ; yet, I do not believe, that such conduct proceeds from a spirit of turpitude, but rather from a disposition to excell in whatever is fashionable and showy ; which, by the bye, is bad policy, particularly when their funds do not keep pace with their voluptuous desires ; for it has a tendency in many instances, not only to destroy the peace and quiet of prudent and indulgent husbands, but to impoverish their lovely babes.—On the other hand, it often happens, that husbands are addicted to gambling, dissipation and revelry ; which are equally nutritive to the destruction of their families.—What a pitiable circumstance it is, that such characters embrace the honourable state of matrimony ; a state so replete with bliss, where reciprocal industry and frugality, virtue and prudence unite ; but on the contrary, where unions have an impetuous and transient imagination for their basis, a train of distrust and misery stalk in the sequel.

H.

(To be continued.)

A DIALOGUE

On Education, pronounced at a late public distribution of prizes to the pupils of St. Mary's College, in this city.

(Concluded from page 31.)

1st. In order to render my ideas more intelligible, I shall begin by a familiar comparison. It is unquestionably dangerous, to place arms in the hands of a multitude of men, who are liable to abuse them. ' This is however done without hesitation, when the public good requires it. But lest the numbers who compose an army, should be guilty of violence towards the citizen, whom it is their duty to protect, they are restrained within proper bounds, by a system of rigid discipline. It is thus, that our professors act, in labouring to awaken emulation among their pupils. But as the latter would only become more dangerous, by having no other end in view than reputation, they are made to imbibe the principles of morality, which, for a virtuous man, form a system of discipline, more powerfully coercive, than any other. The one rouses him to action, the other is a curb for his impetuosity.

3d. This idea of a curb is correct, but you must acknowledge, that the image itself, is rather unpleasant. It reminds us of the continual restraint to which we are subject. How are our days filled up, from the moment that horrid bell, the eternal torment of our lives, drags us from our beds, until sleep again blesses us with a short suspension of our miseries ? Books continually in our hands, exercises without number, and some intervals, more gloomy than even labour itself ; for the tedious monotony of our classes is only relieved by the silence of study. We have but a few moments of recreation, and those disturbed by a thousand crosses ; for (mark the spirit of contradiction which has dictated our laws,) we are not permitted, even at our games, to speak our own language. The American must speak French, and the French boy, English : so that during the whole day, there is not a moment, in which we might enjoy pleasure, without the alloy of some bitter ingredient. If, at a particular time, you find yourself disposed to play ; " that cannot be," say they, " this is the time for study." If, during the time of recreation, you

feel inclined to study " no—nor that either, you must amuse yourself"—Well ; you do attempt to amuse yourself, but at the very moment when you are most interested, and on the point of winning your game, a stroke of the Bell stops you short, and at once puts to flight, both your joy and your hopes—are we made for such a state of captivity? Do they wish to transform us into monks, to have no will of our own, but to be mere passive instruments in the hands of another.

2d. Your declamation is vehement indeed ; but can these be your real sentiments ; you, who have always been a pattern, both of obedience and zeal : or do you only mean to deride some such complaints, which have flowed from the malevolence of individuals, on whom even self-love ought to impose silence.

3d. However that may be, it is still an objection. It is immaterial whether it originates with me, or with another. I have undertaken to propose it, and I wish to have your answer.

1st. No one can doubt of your own competency to solve it ; but since you request me to do so, I shall gratify you.

It is, as it appears to me in the highest degree unreasonable, to censure the discipline of this house. I am not surprised, that it should draw some murmurs from persons, who would wish to recognize no law but inclination and caprice ; but to incur the censure or hatred of those, who are themselves objects of general contempt, is rather a matter of exultation than regret. Of such among us, however, as are just beginning to reflect, and just emerging from that state of childhood, in which no settled opinions can be formed, there is not one, I can venture to affirm, who, if animated by any desire of improvement, does not feel the indispensable necessity of an established routine, common to every individnal of the institution ; without which, such an institution must be not only useless, but even prejudicial. Let us speak candidly —We shall perhaps be more reasonable hereafter ; but at our age, even the most studious amongst us, would soon cease to be such, if they were at liberty to allot the whole day to amusement.

2d. The correctness of this remark is proved by what happens on the day, on which those, who have been diligent during the preceeding month, are rewarded with a holiday and feast. Not one of the elect ever thinks of joining the silent band of the idlers, who remain all day, yawning over their books, while the rest, accoutred in their uniform, occupy themselves in visiting and receiving the congratulations of their friends.

3d. Their uniform ! another peculiarity ! What, I ask you, can this distinction mean, in a country of perfect equality, and is it proper, to accustom children to the idea of a seperate class, in a community, every member of which, should regard the rest as his brethren ?

2d. I am sure you attach as little importance to the observation as myself. You have too much penetration to think it solid. In what respect is our uniform hostile to the principles of equality which we prize so dearly ? All distinction does not imply superiority. A proof of this is, that there are opprobrious as well as honorary distinctions. The meaning therefore of this collegiate dress, depends altogether on the ideas we attach to it. It never was, nor ever could have been intended, as the characteristic mark of a priviledged order, but simply as a means of subjecting the student, when abroad, to the influence of that discipline, which regulates his deportment here. It reminds him, that there are regulations to be observed, even out of the presence of his teachers, and that he is responsible to them, for any faults he may commit under the public eye. What is there in all this, in the slightest degree connected with any principles of equality, or calculated to alarm, even its most enthusiastic adherents ?

As for my part, so far from observing in our uniform any thing that militates against equality, I should think nothing better calculated to promote it, and to banish from among us all the idle competitions of vanity ; we all know that luxury in dress, is what makes us feel most sensibly, the disparity of fortune, and the ideas which it excites. Every petit-maitre looks down upon his neighbours, when he can display a finer suit. Among all the infirmities of the human heart, this is the first that attacks our childhood, and clouds the judgment, by engendering a silly pride, which often adheres to us, during life, and is accompanied by effects, as prejudical to society, as their origin is ridiculous. Nothing, therefore can be more judicious, than a measure, which tends to explode all rivalry of this kind, and to accustom us, to regard the pageantry of dress with an eye of indifference. This purpose is effectually answered, by an uniform, which being the same for all, bars up every avenue to the suggestions of vanity.

3d. It appears to me that our professors extend their caution far enough, in wishing to govern us, when we are out of their jurisdiction—But they do still more. We must have their permission to cross the threshold of the door, even to visit our parents ; and a father can no longer dispose of his child when he has once delegated his authority to them.

1st. You know how they reason on this subject. They

claim in our regard, an affection truly parental, but exempt from its common infirmities and always directed to the promotion of our best interests. Our parents, in seperating themselves from us, make one of the most painful efforts of reason; and to us, this seperation, although dictated by our interest, is a severe trial of obedience. Nature, always on the watch to resume her ascendency in hearts like ours, incessantly prompts us to return, and, if not shackled by certain restraints, would soon destroy the merit of our first sacrifice. It is then incumbent on our teachers, to interpose some decorous act of authority, both to fortify our reason, and prevent frequent visits at home, the certain effect of which, is to induce a habit of dissipation, and an aversion for a sedentary life; and without the latter, there can be no material improvement in science. This doctrine is warranted by our own experience: for, we well know that on the day succeeding a holiday, when weare permitted to go abroad, a general languor pervades our studies, which we find it extremely difficult to overcome.

3d. It is however still true, that the fetters daily multiplied around us, are well adapted to extinguish those sentiments, & that love of liberty which should be seduously cherished, because they should animate us during the rest of our lives—Shew me the slave more dependant than we are.

1st. I am far from coinciding with you. Our situation, on the contrary, appears to me, the image of rational liberty, equally removed from the debasement of servitude, and the disorders of licentiousness. We are subject to laws, essential to the existence of a seminary of education, as the citizen is subject to laws, essential to the stability of good government. Our teachers are the objects of our choice, or at least, of the choice of those, whom nature has substituted in the place of that reason which is denied to our childhood, as the statesmen, who govern us in the political world, owe their authority to the suffrages of our parents. We have our guardian always prepared to rectify our deviations from the paths of duty, in the same manner, as the magistrate, the guardian of the public weal, watches over the security of the public peace. Our organization is the same, notwithstanding the wide disproportion between our microcosm and the body politic. And it would be as absurd to contend, that children are treated as slaves, because they are subjected to the supervision of their teachers, and the restraints of discipline, as it would be, to pronounce the citizen no longer free, because he recognizes the supremacy of law and legitimate authority.

3d. Your comparison fails in an essential point; a point too, which strikes at the very vitals of liberty—I mean freedom of thought. Our American citizen not only enjoys an absolute independence of sentiment, but also unlimited freedom, in choosing the means, which he may deem most suitable, to inform or embellish his understanding. Neither the voice of the law, nor the hand of the magistrate, ever prophane the sanctuary of his dwelling, to examine, if it contain a volume obnoxious to the principles of his government.

But a most despotic authority is exercised over our reading. We are not suffered to introduce a book into the house, without submitting it to the inspection, and obtaining the approbation of the President. And mark the severity of the law. All novels and romances are most unmercifully proscribed. I could wager that the sole end of this prohibition is to vex us. They are merely forbidden because they might afford us too much amusement.

1st. I believe you have discovered the true reason; but let us deal honestly. So you think they are so much in the wrong? I will confess to you, between ourselves on condition that you will mention it to no other person, that I have now and then, notwithstanding this prohibition clandestinely opened a novel, and in spite of all my efforts to quit it, I have always been so much absorbed, as totally to forget my scholastic exercises. The hour sounded for our classes, and I knew not the first word of my lesson.

Then, after having read these delightful and enchanting stories, I could not bear the idea of poring over our authors, who only kept me awake by the hatred which they inspired. How wearisome did they appear when contrasted with the vivacity of a novelist; compared to him, Cicero was, in my eyes, but a tedious declaimer; Horace, an insipid moralist, never inspirated, but when chaunting the virtues of his Falernian; Virgil himself, the interesting Virgil, appeared as cold as ice. I felt, that I should have conceived an invincible disgust for all my studies, had not the difficulty of procuring novels, and perhaps some little reflect on, induced me to relinquish them altogether.—Since then, we come here for the purpose of instruction, and to imbibe a taste for solid and useful acquisitions, is it not proper to exclude every species of reading, calculated to induce an irretrievable waste of the most precious years of life, and to create a dissipation of mind which we may never have strength to overcome?

2d. This one inconvenience would undoubtedly be sufficient to authorize their exclusion. But there are others still more serious, which tend to prove that their circumspection on this head, cannot be too great. You may easily perceive that these are not my own reflections. The

belong to a wise and respectable old man, whom Heaven, some years ago, kindly threw in my way, as a safeguard against the dangers, that usually beset youth. His venerable form is still present to my mind, and united to the reverence I have always cherished for his virtues, has contributed to preserve the recollection of his precepts, so that I can now repeat almost literally, a lesson I one day heard him deliver, on the subject of novels.

"My son," said he, "shun these fatal productions, the very authors of which, are forced to acknowledge their pernicious tendency. The most seductive of all novilists, has pronounced them to be the offspring of corruption."—'I have' says this writer 'studied the manners of my time, and I have published these letters. Why did I not live in an age, when I might have committed them to the flames?' From whom can you expect better proof of the destructive qualities of a potion, than from him, who, while he holds it to your lips, admonishes you, that he has infused into it a mortal poison? Vice unveiled, excites in a virtuous bosom, no other than a sentiment of horror; but becomes seductive, when she assumes a garb that shrowds her native deformity when she leads captive the imagination and the senses, when she converts the langours of voluptuousness into the blandishments of pleasure. What other effect can those descriptions produce, which interest only, because they are so glowing, as to inflame the imagination of the reader, and enkindle in his breast, the same passions that are there pourtrayed. A work of this kind, which would leave no impression, would be insupportably tedious. Thus the very pleasure derived from the production of a lascivious pen, affords a proof, that the heart is already gangrened, or at least, not far removed from a state of mortification. At your age particularly' added my venerable instructor, 'at your age, which generally, determines the moral character for life, may you never approach so formidable an enemy! May you be entrusted to hands capable and willing, to keep you at a distance from danger."

3d. I acknowledge, Sir, that your reasons appear to have great weight, and I should see nothing to withstand their force, if you had solved the difficulty I before suggested, on the subject of an apparent violation of the principles of liberty, in our regard; since we are not, as the citizen is, indulged with the privileges in reading what we please.

1st. If nothing more be necessary, you will soon be satisfied. When I compared the student under the discipline of a college, to the citizen, subject to the authority of law, it was unquestionably with some modifications.—No comparison can be perfectly just, because no two objects, susceptible of comparison, are perfectly similar. It is not our province to enquire, whether the unlimited privilege you mention, be productive of evil to the great mass of our citizens, but to us, it would certainly prove, in the highest degree dangerous. Our parents must look to this object, and should, therefore, in some manner reserve to themselves, and to our teachers, their representatives, that portion of our liberty, which the weakness of our judgment, renders us liable to abuse. They should progressively and insensibly exalt us, from that state of absolute dependence, in which nature has placed our childhood, to the complete enjoyment of our rights; nor should the latter be conferred in all their extent, until we have reached the full maturity of judgment, The privileges of consulting our inclination in the choice of books, is among the last immunities of reason, and should not be accorded, until our education is completed.

Let us then hear no more of such groundless objections. It is incorrect to say, that colleges are calculated, either to warp the understanding, or impair the morals. They are on the contrary, of all other systems of education, best adapted to the culture of an understanding liberally endowed, and even of minds to which Nature has been less prodigal of her favours. We have endeavoured to justify the plan upon which this institution, in particular, is conducted, even in its minutiæ of detail; if our efforts have been in any degree successful, we shall esteem ourselves happy, in having thus evinced our gratitude for the care and tenderness, which, as its pupils, we have unremittingly experienced.

We present to our readers, an entertainment of no small value, in the criticism of Dr. Aiken upon the justly popular Poem of Thomson's Seasons—The acknowledged merit of this latter production, and the known critical taste of the Doctor, would furnish ample apology for the insertion of an extract of this nature; but when we know that the work has but just appeared, and is most probably far from being generally known here, we consider ourselves as offering to the public one of those literary banquets, which can never cloy or be deemed insipid.

AN ESSAY ON THE PLAN AND CHARACTER OF THOMSON'S SEASONS.

When a work of art to masterly execution adds novelty of design, it demands not only a cursory admiration, but such a mature enquiry into the principles upon which it has

been formed, as may determine how far it deserves to be received as a model for future attempts in the same walk. Originals are always rare productions. The performances of artists in general, even of those who stand high in their respective classes, are only imitations; which have more or less merit, in proportion to the degree of skill and judgment with which they copy more or less excellent. A good original, therefore, forms an æra in the art itself; and the history of every art divides itself into periods comprehending the intervals between the appearance of different approved originals. Sometimes, indeed, various models of a very different cast may exercise the talents of imitators during a single period; and this will more frequently be the case, as arts become more generally known and studied; difference of taste being always the result of liberal and varied pursuit.

How strongly these periods are marked in the history of Poetry, both ancient and modern, a cursory view will suffice to shew. The scarcity of originals here is universally acknowledged and lamented, and the present race of poets are thought particularly chargeable with this defect. It ought, however, to be allowed in their favour, that if genius has declined, taste has improved; and that if they imitate more, they choose better models to copy after.

That THOMPSON'S SEASONS is the original whence our modern descriptive poets have derived that more elegant and correct style of painting natural objects which distinguishes them from their immediate predecessors, will, I think, appear evident to one who examines their several casts and manners. That none of them, however, have yet equalled their master; and that his performance is an exquisite piece, replete with beauties of the most engaging and delightful kind; will be sensibly felt by all of congenial taste:—and perhaps no poem was ever composed which addressed itself to the feelings of a greater number of readers. It is, therefore, on every account an object well worthy the attention of criticism; and an enquiry into the peculiar nature of its plan and the manner of its execution may be an agreeable introduction to a re-perusal of it.

The description of such natural objects as by their beauty, grandeur, or novelty, agreeably impress the imagination, has at all times been a principal and favourite occupation of Poetry. Various have been the methods in which such descriptions have been introduced. They have been made subservient to the purposes of ornament and illustration, in the more elevated and abstracted kinds of Poetry, by being used as objects of similitude. They have constituted a pleasing and necessary part of epic narration, when employed in forming a scenery suitable to the events. The simple tale of pastoral life could scarcely without their aid be rendered in any degree interesting. The precepts of an art, and the systems of philosophers, depend upon the adventitious ornaments afforded by them for almost every thing which can render them fit subjects for poetry.

Thus intermixed as they are with almost all, and essential to some species of poetry, it was, however, thought that they could not legitimately constitute the whole, or even the principal part, of a capital piece. Something of a more solid nature was required as the groundwork of a poetical fabric; *pure description* was opposed to *sense*; and binding together the wild flowers which grew obvious to common sight and touch, was deemed a trifling and unprofitable amusement,

Such was the state of critical opinion, when THOMSON published, in succession, but not in their present order,* the pieces which compose his SEASONS; the first capital work in which natural description was professedly the principal object. To paint the face of nature as changing through the changing seasons; to mark the approaches, and trace the progress of these vicissitudes, in a series of landscapes all formed upon images of grandeur or beauty; and to give animation and variety to the whole by interspersing manners and incidents suitable to the scenery; appears to be the general design of this Poem. Essentially different from a didactic piece, its *business* is to describe, and the occupation of its *leisure* to teach. And as in the Georgics, whenever the poet has, for a while, borne away by the warmth of fancy, wandered through the flowery wilds of description, he suddenly checks himself, and returns to the toil of the husbandman; so THOMSON, in the midst of his delightful lessons of morality, and affecting relations, recurs to a view of that state of the season which introduced the digression.

It is an attention to this leading idea, that in this piece there is a progressive series of descriptions, all tending to a certain point, and all parts of a general plan, which alone can enable us to range through the vast variety and quick succession of objects presented in it, with any clear conception of the writer's method, or true judgment concerning what may be regarded as forwarding his main purpose, or as merely ornamental deviation. The particular elucidation of this point will constitute the principal part of the present Essay,

Although each of the seasons appears to have been in-

* They appeared in the following order: Winter, Summer, Spring, Autumn.

tended as a complete piece, and contains within itself the natural order of beginning, middle, and termination, yet, as they were at length collected and modelled by their author, they have all a mutual relation to each other, and concur in forming a more comprehensive whole. The annual space in which the earth performs its revolution round the sun is so strongly marked by nature for a perfect period, that all mankind have agreed in forming their computations of time upon it. In all the temperate climates of the globe, the four seasons are so many progressive stages in this circuit, which, like the acts in a well-constructed drama, gradually disclose, ripen, and bring to an end the various business transacted on the great theatre of Nature. The striking analogy which this period with its several divisions bears to the course of human existence, has been remarked and pursued by writers of all ages and countries. Spring has been represented as the youth of the year—the season of pleasing hope, lively energy, and rapid increase. Summer has been resembled to perfect manhood—the season of steady warmth, confirmed strength, and unremitting vigour. Autumn, which, while it bestows the rich products of full maturity, is yet ever hastening to decline, has been aptly compared to that period, when the man, mellowed by age, yields the most valuable fruits of experience and wisdom, but daily exhibits increasing symptoms of decay. The cold, cheerless, and sluggish Winter has almost without a metaphor been termed the decrepid and hoary old age of the year. Thus the history of the year, pursued through its changing seasons is that of an individual, whose existence is marked by a progressive course from its origin to its termination. It is thus represented by our Poet; this idea preserves an unity and connection through his whole work; and the accurate observer will remark a beautiful chain of circumstances in his description, by which the birth, vigour, decline, and extinction of the vital principle of the year are pictured in the most lively manner.

(To be continued.)

At the close of the American war, as a noble lord, of high naval character, was returning home to his family, after various escapes from danger, he was detained a day at Holyhead by contrary winds. Reading in a summer house, he heard the well-known sound of bullets whistling near him, he looked about, and found that two balls had just passed through the door close beside him; he looked out of the window, and saw two gentlemen who were just charging their pistols again; and, as he guessed that they had been shooting at a mark upon the door, he rushed out, and very civilly remonstrated with them, upon the imprudence of firing at the door of a house, without having previously examined whether any one was within side. One of them immediately answered, in a tone which proclaimed at once his disposition and his country—"Sir, I did not know you were within there, and I don't know who you are now; but if I've given offence, I am willing," said he holding out the ready-charged pistols, "to give you *the satisfaction of a gentleman*—take your choice."

With his usual presence of mind, the noble lord seized hold of both the pistols, and said to his astonished countryman—"Do me the justice, Sir, to go into that summer-house, shut the door, and let me take two shots at you, then we shall be upon equal terms; and, I shall be quite at your service to give or receive *the satisfaction of a gentleman*."

There was an air of drollery and of superiority in his manner, which, at once, struck and pleased the Hibernian—"Upon my conscience, Sir, I believe you are a very honest fellow," said he, looking at him very earnestly in the face, "and I've a great mind to shake hands with you.—Will you only just tell me who you are?"

The nobleman told his name—a name dear to every Briton and every Irishman!

"I beg your pardon; and that's what no man ever accused me of doing before," cried the gallant Hibernian; "and, had I known who you were, I would as soon have *shot my own soul* as have fired at the door.—But how could I tell who was within side?—"That is the very thing of which I complain," said his lordship.

His candid opponent promised never more to be guilty of such a practical bull.

BALLS.

Assembly rooms are not the places of all others, in which the LADIES may be studied to most advantage. One cannot learn half so much of a woman's real character by dancing with her, as by conversing with her at home, where one can observe her behaviour at the table, at the fire-side, and in all the trying circumstances of domestic life. We are all good when we are pleased, but she is the good woman who wants not a fiddle to sweeten her.

SORROW is like the deaf adder, "that hears not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

ERRATUM.

In our last Number, page 26, line 25... for too *read* so.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following originated in an attempt, at a very early age, to versify part of the second chapter of Canticles ; *but wayward fancy obtruding, led the author astray from his text.*

A RURAL INVITATION.

Awake my fair, arise and come away,
  Lo, winter and his surly storms are gone ;
Hear how the birds pour forth from every spray,
  Wild-warbling anthems to the rising dawn.

The turtle in a soft, pathetic strain,
  Is heard responsive to the tuneful grove ;
It seems in mournful accents to complain,
  But 'tis the voice of all pervading love.

Spreading their bosoms to the fount of day,
  See, the gay flow'rs bespangle ev'ry field !
Awake my fair, arise and come away,
  And breathe the grateful fragrance which they yield.

Now, lucid streams wind gently on their way,
  The mossy fountains gurgle in the meads ;
Loud waterfalls, their pendant sheets display ;
  The rills too, tinkle o'er their pebbly beds.

O'er verdant hills the flocks exulting stray,
  Through winding vales, the herds delighted, graze ;
Then haste my fair, arise and come away
  And join the hymn of universal praise,

To our munificent creator due,
  For blessings shower'd with an unsparing hand ;
Since from chaotic wilds this earth he drew,
  And light and life appear'd, at his divine command.

***

TO ANNA.

Mild beauteous maid, whose lovely face
  Has caught my ravish'd sight
How can I now thy form erase
  When it affords such pure delight.

I view'd the form with *hope*, and yet *despair*—
  Where blushing virtues rise ;
And knew I saw the fairest of the fair
  And wish'd to gain the prize.

Ere *Hope* had prompted me to love
  'Twas fiercely banish'd by *Despair*.
My *hope* was left alone to rove,
  Its hopeless passion to declare.

My bosom scarce with pleasure thrill'd,
  Ere it was damp'd by fruitless love ;
And my fond heart with sorrow fill'd,
  Which hop'd its constancy to prove.

H.

A parody on Dr. Johnson's verses to an extravagant young heir—see Companion No. 27.

DINING.

Long expected hour of dining,
  Welcome now, the noon has flown ;
Turkey, ham, and pudding plenty,
  Now, ye starv'lings, are my own.

Loosen'd from the store's d...d pother,
  Where I've waited long to sell ;
Full of wind, and light as feather
  Now I bid the Banks farewell.

Call to John and cook-maid Jenny,
  Order all the beef-steaks rare ;
For I've gain'd an idle guinea,
  Swapping off my old blind mare.

All that canvas-back and jelley,
  I will keep beneath my eye ;
That's the progg to stuff the belly—
  But I'll not forget the pye.

John my lad, where's Alexander?
  Where the devil has he been ?
(My dear, is this a goose or gander)—
  Bid him come and hand the gin.

When a hearty blade carouses,
  Belly full and spirits high ;
All he wants with cash and house, is
  Something wet to keep him dry.

Should my landlord or my mother,
  Call and see, what they call waste ;
I will never heed their pother,
  I can go to jail at last.

BIBO.

EPIGRAM.

Says Will to his spousey, what have you for dinner ?
  —He was hungry and wanted to dine—
Calves head, says his wife—d...n calves head says the sinner,
  I ne'er see it but I think of mine :
No wonder of that said his wife with a sneer ;
  For you're more like a calf than a horse ;
Come come, reply'd Will, hand the *head* and some *beer* ;
  But let us have none of your *sauce*.

BIBO.

GENEROSITY.

" A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse,"
Cried RICHARD when he wish'd to save his life :
Had I been there, I would have given him mine,
With all that I possess, except my wine,
If with them, he'd have taken my *good wife*.

BIBO.

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